Supernatural, Gabriel/Crowley, they don't "stop to smell the roses" but they do appreciate the little things

R-rated fun.

Their relationship is all about the sex. The sessions where Crowley makes Gabriel suck him off, and the sessions when Gabriel fucks him into the mattress (and the walls and the floor and Crowley's breakfast) and the sessions when in exchange for sucking him off, Crowley lets Gabriel tie him up and make him beg for more.

That's what it's about. Not the times when Gabriel doesn't leave immediately after, wrapped around Crowley, drumming odd melodies into Crowley's skin.

It's not about Crowley leaving out some high quality chocolates on the nightstand, and it's not about some well made leashes and collars showing up in Crowley's Hound Kennel. (Although at least one of those things finds its way into their sex.)

It's all about the sex.

But Crowley smiles when he discovers the card to a good tailor on his breakfast toast, with the note 'he's as good as your old one - I checked' and Gabriel shows up later in an exquisitely tailored suit.

It's all about the sex, and they're going to keep telling themselves that for as long as it takes.